

MINORCA.

A

TRAGEDY.

IN THREE ACTS.

By Henry Dell a Bookseller

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault, France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treach'rous crowns.

SHAKESPEARE.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCLVI.

M F W O R G A

T R A G E D Y

IN THREE ACTS



O England! mother of the
I have long loved thee
What could I have done
To see thee thus degraded
But I have done my best
To save thee from this fate
And I have done my best
To save thee from this fate

SHAKESPEARE

L O N D O N

Printed by J. E. & R. Mansel

The Persons Represented.

ENGLISH.

BLAKENY.

HERBIS.

LEONTINE.

ARISTON.

LATROON.

MARIA, Daughter to HERBIS.

Minorquin Men, Women, and Children.

FRENCH.

RICHELIEU.

GLANIERE.

SAVAL.

MONTY.

MESNIL.

DORIEL, and others.

The Persons Represented.

ENGLESIDE

BLISS

MARRIAGE

LECTURE

ILLUSTRATION

ILLUSTRATION

MARRIAGE, PARENTS TO HERBIS.

Illustrations Men, Women, and Children.



F. R.

RICHARDSON

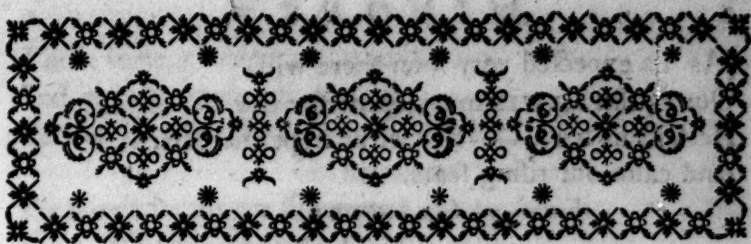
CLARKE

SAY

MONTY

MONTY

Portrait and of the



MINORCA.

A

TRAGEDY.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Camp before Minorca.

Enter RICHELIEU, GLANIERE, SAVAL,
MONTY, MESNIL, &c.

RICHELIEU.

HREE months in vain have we besieg'd this
place,
Nor time I fear will ever make it ours;
The *English*, stout and valiant, ne'er will
yield

Their stubborn hearts, unless by force compell'd,
Or dire necessity; and BLAKENY ever true,
True to his country's cause, bravely defends
From our most rude assaults the shatter'd fort:
And if from *England* succours do arrive,

B

(As

(As 'tis expected very soon there will)
 Our cousin LEWIS may repent the day
 He sent us here.—Yet let us hope the best,
 And calm our rising fears.

GLANIERE.

Noble RICHELIEU,
 Were you not valiant, I should be surpriz'd
 To hear you mention fear,—a word, that ill becomes
 The soldier's breast,—Courage, th'attribute of Gods,
 Should be our darling theme.

RICHELIEU.

Yet 'tis a task,
 Prudence enjoins when dangers are so great,
 To weigh with reason each event of war
 That seems precarious: and sure, my gallant friends,
 When such exalted merit claims our praise,
 'Tis justice but to give it:—We've severely felt,
 Nay but two hours ago, with vengeance fir'd,
 Did not a party issue forth and deal
 But death where'er they came.

SAVAL.

'Tis desperate,
 But it can never last;—
 Their numbers do decrease, nor aid appears;
 We will have courage, for the chance of war
 Too oft but doubtful proves; that should they come,
 We may be conquerors still. — * But why immers'd
 in thought? [* To GLANIERE.

GLANIERE.

You call me superstitious, and for why?
 Because I believe in dreams, and believe I will,
 They are presaging, and from mine, I say
 Minorca will be ours.—

SAVAL.

fes, drums and war are ever in your ears,
 and what the mind is busy'd on by day,

Those

MINORCA

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Those images return again in dreams,
And nightly hover round you:—
Yet tell us what they are.—

GLANIERE.

To minds intent on shews and empty sounds,
Your observation's true, illusions then
May nightly haunt the weak distemper'd brain;
Mine are not such, nor is the pomp of war,
Or bloody fights, the subject of my slumbers.

Methought, our Royal King from courts retir'd,
To scenes where art with nature did conspire,
Their utmost force to form a paradise
Of heav'nly sweets, for his reception fit;
Here seated in a bow'r, the golden sun
Beam'd forth his glorious rays; and in return
The flow'rs around diffus'd their odorous sweets:
And these I thought our Royal Master cull'd
With eager haste; and gave with smiles of joy,
Profusely gave, with an unbounded freedom,
To unknown strangers; who well pleas'd receiv'd
The grateful presents, and did in return
Pay homage to him as their only King:
(These I interpret *English*.)

MONTY.

Minorca then

May be betray'd.

ALL.

Pray heav'n it may!

GLANIERE.

Yet hear me on—Being eager to enjoy
What seem'd so sweet and lovely to the eye,
They smelt the flow'rs, when lo! behold the scent
Breath'd nought but poison.—

RICHELIEU.

A glorious recompence, be such the fate
Attendant on those men, who basely sell

B 2

But

But t'enrich themselves, their king and country :
 Where'er they rule, courage may idle stand,
 And fear grow valiant too ; for who would fight
 When victory is their own, and victory's sure,
 When to each other men cannot be true.
 But see where DORIEL comes return'd with news
 From *Fort St. Philip*.

Enter DORIEL.

DORIEL.

Guardian of our forces,
 From *Minorca* take this answer.

RICHELIEU:

From whom
 Deliver'd ?

DORIEL.

From BLAKENY, noble BLAKENY ;
 Supported by a few, but faithful friends,
 He thus address'd me : “ *France* do your worst,
 “ I fear you not, and though by force compell'd,
 “ Will never yield. The rest be understood”.

RICHELIEU.

This man—he is an honour to his country,
 O BLAKENY ! tho' my foe, I must revere you,
 And admire your virtue.—But *Minorca* know,
 Not all thy hero's valour shall deter,
 Or yet o'erpow'r my fix'd and firm resolves.

DORIEL.

Noble Sir, returning to the camp I chanc'd to pass
 A little field ; there at a distance heard
 A Woman's cries, with eager haste I flew,
 And came to her Assistance ;—happy 'twas,
 I rescued her from a superior force,
 (For conscious guilt is quickly overcome.)
 The tale of her sad woes, (for such they be)
 She best can tell.

RICHELIEU.

MINORCA.

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RICHELIEU.

Conduct her in ;

Beauty shall claim protection tho' a foe,
For generous 'tis to succour the distress'd.
But see she comes—a weeping too—Dear madam,
'Ere I presume t'enquire of your fortunes,
Let me implore you to dry up these tears,
For honour only waits on your commands,

MARIA.

I humbly thank you sir, and tho' a foe,
Confess an Obligation, which I fear
I never can repay ; sorrows, grief and care
Is all I have to give ; for tho' your aid [To Doriel.
So friendly interpos'd, and rescu'd me,
From what I dreaded even more than death.
A marriage forc'd, and all for curs'd gold,
Yet as my country's foes, you must be mine ;
And I of course lament my cruel fate.

RICHELIEU.

A tumult in my soul ne'er known before
Subdues the man, and brings my trembling flesh
To that of childhood. [*Aside.*] Whate'er your troubles
be,

If in my pow'r, depend upon relief.

MARIA.

Relief from whom?—from *Briton's* foes !
Ill dost thou know my heart, for were my wrongs
Yet greater than they are, I'll bear them all ;
Yes, proudly bear them, 'ere I'll seek relief
From those I must abhor.

RICHELIEU.

And why abhor ?

If 'tis because a foe, I ev'n could wish,
That I were none,—But honour checks me there :
And yet in justice to your heav'nly charms,

For

For such they surely be, t'enslave so soon
 My stubborn heart; nay blush not, lovely maid,
 Or turn away, for know I scorn to act
 A base ungen'rous deed.—

MARIA.

For your own peace,
 As well as mine, then quench the rising flame,
 War with your passions, nay, I know you will;
 For hope I've none to give, 'twere vain to wish,
 My heart is not my own, and tho' fate frowns,
 I know what 'tis to love, and be belov'd;
 And this confess, weigh well but each event,
 And reason soon will point the way that leads
 To happiness and peace; convey me safe
 To where I shall direct, and I will wish,
 Ah! could I wish success, but you're my foes,
 Yet to th'unerring God I'll daily pray,
 To make you happy, and my country too.

RICHELIEU.

Thou lovely maid, so virtuous and so great,
 Reason and honour shall victorious reign.
 You shall return—Yet tell me 'ere you go,
 (I'll take it kind) the source of your misfortunes.

MARIA.

From gold, the love of gold they all proceed,
 For that my Father would have sacrific'd
 My temporal and eternal happiness:
 His name is HERBIS, I'm his only child,
 His darling daughter, yet by him design'd
 This very day I was, against my will,
 To be ARISTON's wife; whose pow'ful gold
 So strongly pleaded, that my father thought,
 I could not be unhappy blest with wealth,
 And wealth in such profusion; 'Twas in vain,
 I urg'd

I urg'd each reason, labour'd to convince,
'Twould be my eternal ruin.

RICHELIEU.

Hard hearted man,

But pray proceed.

MARIA.

His avarice was so great,
And so intent he seem'd, that I despair'd
Of ever being blest, and fully arm'd
With resolution, I resolv'd to fly,
From what I fear'd and dreaded more than death;
But being closely watch'd, was soon o'ertak'n,
By servants who was brib'd to force me back;
'Twas then made desperate by their rude assaults,
I cry'd for help, heav'n sent you to my aid, [*To Doriel.*
And sav'd me from destruction.—

MONTY.

If men descend to such mean arts as these,
Well may *Minorca* fall.

MARIA.

Ah! judge not hard,
For favourite passions still will reign supreme
In every breast; which if too far indulg'd,
To vices turn, and tho' with true disgust
They claim our hate, they claim our pity too:
Nor yet with partial view should we explore,
Those faults abroad, which we may find at home.
But these reflections now, but suit me ill,
Your promise I must claim.

RICHELIEU.

But name the place,
And you shall be obey'd.

MARIA.

All I ask
Is through your camp but to conduct me safe,

I'll then direct my steps where I shall find
Protection and relief.

RICHELIEU.

At close of eve
Before the gates are shut, be it your care [To Doriel.
To wait upon the lady, till that time
Conduct her to a tent,—Where madam, you shall find
Respect and honour equal to your birth.
All I claim in return, is, when you're blest,
You'll think on me with pity.

MARIA.

Noble fir,
You may depend I ever shall retain,
A sweet remembrance pleasing to my soul,
For your kind treatment to a captive foe.
[Exit Maria and Doriel.

RICHELIEU, *after a pause.*

Yes, I will conquer this unruly passion
E'er it too pow'ful prove.

GLANIERE.

My eyes are false,
Or from the port a party seems to come.

Enter a Soldier in haste.

RICHELIEU.

Your business soldier.

SOLDIER.

The *British* fleet's arriv'd.

RICHELIEU.

GLANIERE, keep thou the tent, I like it not,
It wears a face unprosp'rous, what is done
Must be compleated soon ; for now I fear
Minorca's too secure : and quick you'll find
Thy idle dreams are but illusions all,
False as the wind,—sound drums, and music play,
We now must gain, or ever lose the day.

[Exeunt all but Glanieri.

GLA-

GLANIERE.

Keep thou the tent, ungrateful RICHELIEU,
 Envy—does that become a great man's fame?
 'Tis narrowness of soul, by heav'n it is;
 For courage knows no bounds, but unconfin'd;
 Exerts herself with an unbounded freedom:
 And then my dreams are false, suppose they are,
 They serv'd at least to rouse and animate
 His coward soul.—Hark!—th'assault's begun,
 —And next it will at sea, where much I fear,
 The hardy *Britons* soon will gain the day;
 For tough and stubborn like their oaks they bend,
 Unknowing how to yield:—and if 'tis so,
 And RICHELIEU's overcome, too well I know
 On whom he'll vent his spleen; but I'll be arm'd,
 With vengeance too, for I will have revenge;
 What were the best,—Ha! let me but beware,
 Of what I view with horror!—No—it shall be so,
 The beauteous captive, she shall be my prize,
 Gall'd in his love, and in his honour too,
 It will be glorious work!—Ha! how loud they roar*
 [* *Harkening.*

Rage on ye instruments of death, deal horror round;
 I will be busy too; my active soul,
 Shall mount to heights unknown: O sweet revenge,
 Take full possession, I am thine alone;
 Reign thou supreme, be but propitious now,
 Hereafter all thy favours I'll repay,
 And glut thy ardors in a sea of blood:
 Ha! here she comes, O fortune thou art kind,
 Breathless and panting, frighted at the noise,
 Th'eternal din of war,—I will be quick,
 E'er curst misfortune blast the promis'd bliss.

C

Enter

Enter MARIA, she takes hold of her in a rude manner.

MARIA.

O heav'ns what means this violence?

GLANIERE.

You must excuse me that, a virgins ear,
Is apt to take offence.

MARIA.

Sure you will not break,
Thro' laws held ever sacred.

GLANIERE.

I know no law,
But that of nature, which I'll follow now;
Your uncomplying soul no mercy knows,
Ev'n to a friendly foe; 'tis justice then,
I shew the same to you;—nay struggle not,
Yield quickly, or thou diest.

MARIA.

Ah kill me,
And I'll thank you.

GLANIERE.

Ha! what noise is that,
Confusion to my hopes! it comes this way!

MARIA.

O mercy! mercy!

GLANIERE.

I know of none, nor will I longer stay,
Thus trifling with my joys.

[As he is forcing her, enter Leontine with his party fighting, he turns back seeing Glanieri and Maria.]

LEONTINE.

Stop thy unmanly force, inhuman fiend,
Or turn thou to thy fate.

GLA-

MINORCA.

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GLANIERE.

Then be it so,
For know I scorn to yield. [*They fight, and Glanieri falls.*]

LEONTINE.

Rewarded thus,
Now own my vengeance just.

MARIA.

[*recovering herself, runs and embraces Leontine.*]

My LEONTINE.

LEONTINE.

My dear MARIA.—

—Impartial heav'n! this, this, is kind indeed;
A thousand questions I would ask, but time
Will not permit me now; we must away,
E'er danger draws too near, tho' blest with thee,
I with a new born joy would face them all
Nay bravely face them, for my glorious prize.

MARIA.

O my dear LEONTINE, my heart's so full,
With th'extreams of grief and rapturous joy,
I know not what to say.

LEONTINE.

No matter now,
We must not waste the time, yet let us hope
Your father's kind consent will make us blest;—
—My country guarded, and redeem'd my love,
Kind fortune grant I may successful prove.

[*Exeunt.*]

GLANIERE.

And what remains for me,—
But horror and despair, no reck'ning made,
Or time to make it now; wretch that I am,—
And oh! the pangs of death, I feel their force,
O mercy heav'n, oh! oh!

[*Dies.*
En-]

Enter RICHELIEU, SAVAL, &c.

RICHELIEU.

Defeated as we are, with numbers slain,
Yet still the day's our own; what now remains
Is our success at sea, a victory there
Compleats at once the work:—But who is this?
Ha! 'tis GLANIERE, who seems but newly dead.

SAVAL.

His sword unsheath'd here by his side declares,
He died in his defence.—

RICHELIEU.

Howe'er it was we can but mourn his loss,
Let him be carried hence,—When time permits
Due honours shall be paid unto his shade;
And now in rev'rence to his memory,
Let a dead march be sounded through the camp;
It will console our grief, inspire our zeal,
With love of glory, and contempt of death;
That when our country calls, or soon, or late,
Resign'd and calm, we may submit to fate.

[Exeunt.]

End of the first ACT.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ARISTON and LATROON.

ARISTON:

TALK not of comfort, but in vain you strive,
 With friendly converse to console my loss;
 MARIA's gone, and with her all my hopes,
 My warmest wishes, pleasing to my soul;
 Of future scenes of happiness and joy:
 Those now revers'd, no more I fondly paint,
 No more indulge the thought, ev'n hope is lost;
 For were I to be blest, nay should she yield,
 To duty yield, her heart would not be mine.
 And what is duty, when oppos'd to love,
 Her flight too plainly tells.

LATROON.

Yet not despair,

MARIA may be found, and you be blest,
 Ev'n blest beyond your hopes.—

ARISTON.

Ah! pleasing thought, I must, I will indulge it,
 But 'twill not be:—Reflection like the sun,
 Emerging from a cloud, darts forth its rays,
 And tells me 'tis in vain, presents to view
 My curst rival, hated LEONTINE.
 —Thou dearest friend, had I been rul'd by thee,
 And curb'd this fatal passion at its birth;
 I might have now preserv'd my peace of mind,

Nor

Nor felt the pangs of disappointed love ;
 But thus reduced, by friendship's sacred ties,
 I charge you tell me, what you think is best,
 I should pursue.

LATROON.

Let patience rule awhile,
 And calm these tumults of thy troubled soul ;
 New transports soon shall 'wake within thy breast,
 And rouse thee from despair : for know, that urg'd,
 By friendship urg'd, the secret I've disclos'd,
 That fair MARIA's found.

ARISTON.

My dearest friend,
 Say, can you be sincere ? But why that thought !
 I know you must, and will believe it true.
 But tell me where she is ?

LATROON.

That I'd decline,
 For your own ease ; but 'tis a friend that asks,
 Who must not be deny'd.

ARISTON.

Too well I guess,
 She is at LEONTINE's.

LATROON.

'Tis true she is.

ARISTON.

There's daggers in his name, for 'tis on him,
 Her heart is fix'd : but tell me good LATROON ?
 How 'twas you came to know ?

LATROON.

LEONTINE,

Esteems me as his friend, his faithful friend ;
 And well I wear the mask of being such,
 But 'tis for you :—he's open, gen'rous, free,
 And easy to be won ; nor knowing fraud,
 Suspected none ; but happy 'twas for you,

Hap-

Happy for me, he could not read my heart ;
But trusting to my faith, no scruple made,
To tell me all the story of his love,
By which I found the fair MARIA's safe,
Ev'n in his house.

ARISTON.

Say how shall I proceed ?

'Tis now I ask advice.——

LATROON.

Her father must be told,
Where now she is, who'll instantly demand,
The lovely fugitive ; what follows then ?
All you can wish ! compliance to his will,
To make you ever blest.

ARISTON.

Fly then my friend,

To bear the welcome tidings ; plead my cause :
Mean while, I will my haughty rival meet,
And with feign'd passion clear thee ev'n from doubt ;
That friendship claims, and what is due to thee
Should be repaid with thanks.——

LATROON.

To serve you I am gone.

[Exit

ARISTON alone.

Why this is well,
It works as I could wish, and sweet revenge
Propitious to my hopes comes smiling on ;
Not heeding friendship's ties :—well pleas'd to gain,
At any price, her great and darling views :
And now this haughty fair shall mourn her flight,
Shall feel the wrath of disappointed love :
Refus'd, and scorn'd.——By hell the very thought
Inspires my coward soul, inflames my rage
Beyond its native course ; and points the way,

The

The path which I must tread :—Marry her !—No,—
 That would be madness,—yet she must be mine,
 Nay, and she shall, tho' hell be my reward.
 And this LATROON's a proper instrument,
 To gain the glorious prize ;—which now being plan'd,
 Should coward conscience to defeat my hopes
 Start back afraid, be this my last resolve,
 To stab him in his fears ; nay, when 'tis done,
 That is his just reward :—He is a friend,
 And being such, he cannot serve me more :
 —Ha ! here my rival comes, well pleas'd he seems,
 But soon his joy shall find a dire reverse ;

Enter LEONTINE.

If I may judge by this assuming air,
 This portly mien, some fortunate event,
 Dear to yourself, or to your country's cause ;
 Inspires this beaming joy :—Perhaps our foes
 Are less triumphant, or perhaps there's hope
 Of succour and relief,—if not, I think,
 At least in shew you might commiserate,
 And pity others woe.

LEONTINE.

As much as you,
 I bear in heart, and feel my country's wrongs ;
 That your reflection I esteem unjust,
 Who, like the world, but judge by outward shew :
 It was unkind, but know I can forgive.—

ARISTON.

—Your rival too, I cannot think it true.

LEONTINE.

By your own sentiments, perhaps you judge,
 Or to my esteem you'd claim a good pretence.
 In loving her, whom I so much adore.

ARISTON.

Vain man, away.—You would be happy too.

LEON-

MINORCA.

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LEONTINE.

'Tis true I would, my long and faithful love,
May justly challenge all the true esteem
To virtuous passion due; nor think I claim
Too great a merit, conscious she approves;
And, if permitted, soon would make me blest.

ARISTON.

Boast not too soon,—
A sudden turn may quickly damp your joy;
Tho' now so happy even in your thoughts,
A time may come when they may be destroy'd,
Nor ought remain but horror and despair.

LEONTINE.

Unkind *Ariston*! I can hear thee talk,
Of what I prize, nay, more than life itself,
Ev'n of *Maria*:—Hear thee threaten too,
Her peace of mind and future happiness;
Nay, hear thee unprovok'd, as well convinc'd,
If that your love's sincere, you'll soon repent,
When reason's cool'd these tumults of your soul,
Those harsh, unkind expressions.—

ARISTON.

Yet stay—

LEONTINE.

Proud man provoke me not, for well you know
I dare to fight.—

ARISTON.

Then draw—

LEONTINE.

When just occasion calls I will, but now
It would be weakness:—If you're so hot,
Go to the field, it will be courage there,
And add to your renown.

ARISTON.

I'll not delay,
You are a greater foe—and let me say,

D

Your

Your studied calmness but betrays your fears,
And shews your coward soul.

LEONTINE.

Despair I see,
Provokes you to this deed ; then be advis'd
E'er 'tis too late.

ARISTON.

No trifling, I'm resolv'd.

LEONTINE.

Bear witness then—

That in my own defence I'm thus compell'd :—
Hark ! the town is in distress, there let us fly,
And quench our wrath—

ARISTON.

No, here I'll fall, or end at once the strife.
Have at thy heart.

[*They fight.*]

*Alarum of distress. People enter in confusion from
all parts, and BLAKENY, with HERBIS and
Attendants.*

BLAKENY *as he is entering.*

What noise and tumult's here ?

—*Ariston and Leontine*—I'm surpriz'd !—

Sure something more than madness is the cause,
That could provoke you to forget yourselves,
At such a time as this.—Shame on you both,
Are not our public woes of consequence,
Of weight enough, that private quarrels sure
Might be forgot ;—forgot, at least, till fate
Determines their event.——Put up your swords,
Or on your common foe pour all your wrath,
There turn th'avenging steel.

LEONTINE.

Noble sir——

BLAKENY.

Call me not noble, titles now are vain ;
He noble is, who serves his country best,

Be

Be that your boast, nor idly waste your time,
Your precious time.—In such distress as this,
You surely might have pitied to extreams,
Each other's rage; and with united force
With mutual ardour, flew to the relief
Of your distress'd and fellow countrymen.
But, tell me, what's the cause that urg'd you both,
To this most foul disgrace?

HERBIS.

That task be mine,
Tho' absent, I perhaps may best relate
Why this confusion.—*Leontine*, who oft'
Has ask'd my child in marriage, and as oft'
Has been refus'd, unkindly still intreats
For my consent, tho' to *Ariston* giv'n;
Whom I intended to have call'd my son,
This very day; but that my unduteous child,
Blind to her happiness, has by her flight
Prevented my design.

BLAKENY.

Herbis, let me say,
Such thoughts as these, but ill become you now;
Nor can I think it right, against her will,
To force the lovely maid; whose heart I know
Is fix'd on *Leontine*: nobler would it be
Of you, and of *Ariston*, to resign
All future hopes, which may destructive prove
To your lov'd daughter, fair *Maria's* peace.

HERBIS.

My word is giv'n, nor can it be revok'd,
That I must urge my right, and think it wrong,
Unless you instantly restore my child—
Nay start not sir, I know she's at your house,
And therefore must insist, you give her up.

LEONTINE.

The virtuous love I bear the charming maid

Lay long conceal'd ; nor would it now be known,
 (As waiting still for happier times to come.)
 Had not *Ariston* fatal to my hopes,
 Urg'd his pretensions with superior force,
 As such in fortune ; 'tis for that alone
 I am rejected, treated too with scorn :
 Nay more, ev'n now did I not tamely bear,
 Your rude, your base insults.

BLAKENY.

Leontine, I see
 You much are wrong'd ; and 'tis against my will,
 Yes, much it grates my nature to behold
 Such ills prevail with those I call my friends :
 Good *Herbis* 'tis unkind, and I must plead,
 Tho' 'tis in vain, for this deserving youth :
 Love cannot be controul'd, and when 'tis fix'd
 On objects of esteem, it sure demands
 Our approbation, reason then will give
 Her voice as justice due to its applause.
 Would you be happy then ? have you at heart,
Maria's future bliss ? divest yourself
 Of all these selfish views. But think awhile,
 Reflection will convince you what is best,
 And how you ought to act.

ARISTON.

Now for a flow'ry speech,
 To aid the secret purpose of my soul. [*Aside.*]
 —For me, I will resign all former claims,
 Nor ever think of fair *Maria* more ;
 Unless her will accords to make me blest.
 —But on *Minorca's* woes, turn all my thoughts,
 And glory in revenging of her wrongs.

BLAKENY.

Cherish the thought, 'tis great, 'tis nobly spoke ;
 And such a conquest o'er your passions gain'd,

Will

Will beam new glories on the victor's brow :
—To this you will agree ? —

HERBIS.

With pleasure fir.

BLAKENY.

Then instantly I charge,

Maria be restor'd.

LEONTINE.

Sir, you shall be obey'd.

BLAKENY.

Now this concluded.—Let us turn our eyes
On what concerns us all, our public foes,
Who flush'd with hopes, redouble their attacks ;
Which with our fleet's most vile and foul disgrace,
Demands our utmost strength and vigilance.
Assemble all my friends, we must advise,
In this extremity, what's best to act.
O *England* ! *England* ! 'tis not for myself
I mourn ; but for *Minorea's* woes,
And for thy loss—for such I fear 'twill be.

[*Exeunt all but Ariston.*]

ARISTON.

Thus far I'm safe, suspicion's self's deceiv'd.—

Enter LATROON.

My worthy friend !—you're just return'd in time,
But tell me what success ?

LATROON.

All you can wish.

The happy time is now ; which, if enjoy'd,
Will overpay you all your former cares.

ARISTON.

As how *Latroon* ? —

LATROON.

Maria's your's.

ARISTON.

But how ? O tell me quick, O

Have

Have you in such a little space of time,
Accomplish'd such a work ?

LATROON.

Soon as I left you here,

I went to *Herbis*, told him all the tale ;
Who, stung with rage, immediately applied
For justice due : this done, to *Leontine's*
I bent my steps, who being not at home,
I took the office as his dearest friend,
To tell *Maria* every circumstance ;
And painted all the woes that might ensue,
In knowing where she was ; that still intent
And resolute her father would demand
Compliance to his will ; which, if refus'd,
Compulsion would be tried. At this she seem'd
Divided much in thought, when strait I urg'd,
If that she priz'd her future happiness,
She should retire to some sequester'd place
Till time should open fair and happier scenes.
To this consenting, I've conducted her,
To the apartment, seated by the grove,
Fam'd for its solitude and private shades.
There is the key. And now you may pursue,
Whate'er you think is best ; secure at least
She's in your pow'r, and soon may make you blest.

ARISTON.

I thank you thus (*stabbing him*) no tales can now be told.

LATROON.

O villain ! villain !—

ARISTON.

Bawd to my lust, to give thy virtue due,
You thought I meant to wed the haughty fair,
To justify this deed :—I tell thee—no.—
Fond fool farewell.—

[Exit.

LATROON.

O wife too late !—how black the scene appears !

How

How dreadful to behold. That lovely maid
For ever ruin'd! Then the direful pangs,
Which will afflict that honest noble youth,
Whom basely I've betray'd. Ah! curfed wretch!
All righteous heav'n has but repaid thy deeds.
Yet could I, e'er my fleeting breath is gone,
Prevent *Ariston* in his curs'd design,
'T would give me great relief.

Enter LEONTINE with a Guard, and

DORIEL.

LEONTINE to the Guard.

Conduct this gentleman, and see him safe,
To our brave general.

DORIEL.

Noble warrior,

Fare you well.

[Exit with Guard.]

LEONTINE.

I thank you sir,

And tho' a foe, I wish you ne'er may know

Th' horrors I now feel.—O lov'd *Maria*,

At thought of thee my poor distracted brain,

Almost foment to madness.—Where to go,

Or how to act I cannot now resolve.—

O heav'n have pity, lead my wand'ring steps

To save th'unhappy maid.—

LATROON.

Who talks of pity—

Here let them turn their eyes, it will be kind,

In his last hour to sooth the dying pangs,

Of a poor wretch weigh'd down with guilt and blood.

LEONTINE.

Ha! 'tis *Latroon*—

Then heav'n is just and has reveng'd my cause.

Base, treacherous man!

LATROON.

Thou noble youth,

I own

I own my crimes and humbly do implore,
For mercy and forgiveness.—

LEONTINE.

Tho' much I fear——
I'm ever ruin'd by your curs'd schemes :
Yet if your faults sincerely you repent,
I do forgive you.

LATROON:

O you are too kind,
Too good, too gen'rous, and t'atone in part,
For all thy wrongs, lose not the precious time,
Fly to that house I did so much commend,
To hide MARIA from her father's search ;
There now she is——

Fly then, and if 'tis possible prevent
The cursed villain e'er it is too late.

——O death thou art busy——Ah ! my guilty soul—
Kind heav'n have mercy !—oh ! [Dies.

LEONTINE.

Yes I will fly.—But hark ! the trumpets call ;
O what's my country now my love's at stake !
Great God defend them both !—

Enter BLAKENY, HERBIS, Minorquin

Men, Women, and Children.

BLAKENY.

Well, trouble me no more. I'll think—

HERBIS.

——Think Sir, of what?

BLAKENY.

O HERBIS, it is you. Lend me thy arm ;
This weight of woes press heavy on my age.
And can you think, these silly men implore,
T'accept of terms, and give their country up.

First Minorquin.

We would be happy e'er it is too late.

Second

Second Minorquin.

We'd have assistance.

BLAKENY.

Do not aggravate,

It is unkind !—For see you not my griefs ;
 Reflect not then abroad ; but rest assur'd
 I mourn as much as you *Minorca's* fate.
 And let me ask you is it *England's* fault
 You've no relief ? Say, sent they not a fleet ?
 Did not your eyes behold it ?—Where 'tis now,
 Or how it has behav'd, I blush to speak :
 O shame that *Britain's* sons could thus forget
 Their native worth, their noble ancestors ;
 Who glorious died,—died in their country's cause,
 And bought their freedom but with loss of life :
 By heav'ns, the very thought might rouse their zeal,
 Inspire their coward souls (if ought remain'd
 Of gratitude or love) to tread those paths,
 Those glorious paths, that ages yet to come,
 When just occasion call'd, with glory fir'd,
 Might emulate the same.

HERBIS.

Consider fir,

That something must be done—'Tis not a time
 To build on hopes—And either we must yield,
 Or worse will follow.

Third Minorquin.

Prevent the fatal blow

That must undo us all.

HERBIS.

Or resolutely bent,

Say, shall we, like the brave *Saguntins*, die
 In one large funeral pile ?

BLAKENY.

No HERBIS, no,
 Remember we are men, and what is more,

E

Re-

Remember we are Christians. That alone,
Should make you look with horror on the thought:
With them 'twas great, 'twas glorious. But with us,
Whose lives are not our own: to whom reveal'd
Those heav'nly truths which guide the mind aright,
That teach us we should patiently submit,
To heav'n's decrees, as conscious they are just;
Would it not be presumption? nay and more,
Would it not be t'affront that righteous God,
In whom you trust, whose sacred truths you own?

HERBIS.

Forgive the thought, 'twas spoke from my zeal
To serve my country.

First Minorquin.

O save our children.

ALL.

Save us all.

[*They all kneel.*

HERBIS.

HERBIS too must plead.

BLAKENY.

Rise, rise, my worthy friends, it must be so;
I see it must, tho' 'tis against my will.
—O if kind heav'n had but prolong'd my days,
T'have sav'd *Minorca*, to repel her foes;
But 'twill not, cannot be.—O lead me on,
We must confer what terms will now be best;
And know, I'll not submit to none which may
Reflect dishonour on the *English* name;
But strictly will preserve my country's fame.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the second ACT.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

Just before Minorca.

Enter RICHELIEU, MONTY, SAVAL, &c.

RICHELIEU.

Mourn *England*, mourn, *Minorca's* now no more,
No more is your's.—

In vain to thee to-morrow's sun shall rise
To gild those haughty tow'rs. Yon waving flag,
Rich with the crimson dye, no longer there
Shall brave the open day. But *France's* now
Shall fill its vacant place.—The time draws near,
When noble BLAKENY, your illustrious chief,
Resigns the trust which he's so long maintain'd,
Maintain'd with honour, (pardon me, my friends,)
If speaking of his high deserts I grow
Too lavish in his praise.

MONTY.

We own it just,
His noble terms bespeak his native worth,
And shew the honest man.—But let me add,
I think yourself as noble have behav'd,
In granting such, when we might justly seize,
On all the rights of war.

RICHELIEU.

Of that no more,
It is unpleasing. Let us rest content
T'have gain'd *Minorca*.—

Commanders, now draw near,

E 2

Hear

Hear me, my fellow warriors. Now attend—

As BLAKENY passes in the solemn train,
(For such it sure must be) let all your arms,
Then fall upon a rest; 'twill shew at least,
That not unconscious what is merit's due,
France scorns to let him undistinguish'd pass.

—But hark! those drums bespeak their near approach,
And yonder see they come.—Now, now, my friends,
Partakers of my fame, now, now, rejoice,
Minorca crowns your toils.—Here ends your cares.
—To meet them let's advance.

[*Exeunt with their powers.*]

After some time the English enter with drums beating, colours flying, &c. They all advance, after which BLAKENY speaks.

If *England* to itself had been but true,
'Twould ne'er have come to this.— * Much lov'd retreat.
[* *Looking back.*]

E'er yet I quit thy shores, I will indulge
One last, one parting look.—Ev'n thus it is,
(If with the little we compare the great)
That nations rise and fall.—There once I thought,
To have spent my future days, and dy'd well pleas'd
In serving of my country and my king.
How vain alas! the thought; how vain are all
Our future hopes:—Ev'n now perhaps I go
To distant climes, but still to know the change,
T'experience greater cares.—Whate'er it be,
Or to what end, to heav'n I am resign'd;
Content t'have done my duty, tho' I mourn
For *England's* loss.—O may her valiant sons,
Unite their hands and hearts with one consent,
To roll their thunder thro' the realms of *France*;
Redeem their glory lost;—and boldly dare
To rival *HENRY* and his warlike chiefs.

But

But words they are lost in air,—Our *Fleet's* disgrace,
And every circumstance, all, all concur,
To shew that *England's* wrong'd.

—*Briton's*, he rous'd, prevent yet greater woes,
Minorca's lost; redouble it on your Foes.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to a room.

ARISTON and MARIA.

ARISTON.

In vain you plead, I'm resolutely bent,
Nor all your pray'rs or tears shall ever move
My fix'd resolves:—but now, thou haughty fair,
I in my turn will be as hard as you;
Too long I have delay'd, the present time
Is in my pow'r, and I will make it mine,
Will snatch the happy moments e'er they pass,
Which lost in fate may never be recall'd.

MARIA.

Unkind *Ariston* hear, O hear me speak,
Nor urge with mine, thy soul's eternal ruin.

ARISTON.

'Tis unavailing all, for fate itself,
Is not more fix'd, determin'd more than I.

MARIA.

Nay more! O heav'ns, yet hear, O hear me on,
If you'll desist, by all the pow'rs above,
By all that's sacred, I will here resign
My dearest hopes, ev'n *Leontine* I will;
Nay vow ne'er to be his.

ARISTON.

Weak, weak, and trifling all,—
These specious promises you'd soon forget,
Yes, soon, if once to liberty restor'd;
But I am not to learn what weight they bear,
Enough for me, that now you're in my pow'r,
That not a soul is here t'obstruct my joys;

An

And as no law restrains the darling deed,
I'll take by force what you refuse to grant.

MARIA.

O hear me heav'n, and thou all righteous God,
If innocence is thy peculiar care,
(As sure it is) O hear a wretched maid.

ARISTON.

Like me the heav'ns are deaf, then quickly yield.

MARIA.

O never, never.

LEONTINE *without*.

'Tis here the villain's lodg'd,
Then force the door before it is too late.

ARISTON.

Hell and damnation ! LEONTINE is here ;
O what malicious fiend, sure hell itself
Must tell him where I was.

MARIA.

Rather heav'n,
In mercy to my woes, with friendly care,
Has lead his steps to recompense my wrongs
On thy accurs'd head.

ARISTON.

Ha ! say you so,
Then sweet revenge be mine, tho' dearly bought ;
One moment yet is left, and left for me,
T'ensure damnation : and to tell you, thus,
I will adorn my fall. [*He stabs her, then Exits.*

*The door is forced, and enter LEONTINE,
with HERBIS and others.*

LEONTINE, *seeing MARIA on the ground.*

Ha ! 'tis too late !

O much lov'd maid, is this my promis'd blifs !
Are these the joys which I so long have sought !
But why do I complain, I am but man,
And being man, am born to suffer.

HERBIS.

MINORCA.

31

HERBIS.

Much wrong'd MARIA, is it come to this !

[*He weeps.*]

LEONTINE.

I charge you sir, for all my troubles past,

If 'tis in fate, to stay her fleeting soul.

I will pursue——

The curs'd ARISTON, and repay the deed.

[*Exit.*]

HERBIS.

How fares my dearest child ?

MARIA.

The villain's mist his aim,

It should have been more deep t'ensur'd my death ;

The stroke's not mortal, I am only faint

With loss of blood. But say, O ! reverend sir,

Can you forgive, and pardon my offence ?

HERBIS.

Witness heav'n,——

I do repent I ever gave you cause,

(For sure the fault is mine) e'er to offend.

Fly gaping statues, why thus stand you mute ;

[*To the Attendants.*]

Fly to that noble youth, and lend your aid ;

For desp'rate with his woes, it may perchance

That cursed fiend may his superior prove ;

And take his noble life. Ah ! let me hope

You both may still be blest : O grant but that,

All pitying heav'n, 'twill calm my dying hours,

And sooth my sorrows for my country's loss,

Enter LEONTINE bloody, led in by attendants.

MARIA.

Ha ! what a sight is here ! support me heav'ns !

O lead me, lead me to him !

HERBIS.

Ah ! do not move,

Your wound will bleed afresh.

MARIA.

MARIA.

There, there it bleeds,
See from yon purple stream how fast it flows;
Ha! see how pale he looks.

LEONTINE.

Thou lovely maid,
The few last moments that I've left of life,
Tho' dearly bought, will be most richly spent;
To die thus blest by thee.

MARIA.

Talk not of death,
You see I live, and only live for thee.

LEONTINE.

Ah! could I now return,—but 'tis in vain;
Yet we may meet, yes, we may meet in heav'n.

HERBIS.

And is it thus that heav'n's impartial now?

LEONTINE.

Tax not eternal justice, heav'n is kind.—
Enrag'd I met ARISTON, he return'd
In his defence with equal warmth and force;
But guilt is soon o'ercome—I ran him through.
When as he lay expiring in his pangs,
He implor'd my mercy to forgive his crimes,
Which as I kneel'd to grant, the hellish fiend,
With all the strength he'd left, plung'd to my heart
A hidden dagger.

MARIA.

———Oh!———

[*She faints.*]

LEONTINE.

Lead me to her lips,
And let me take a parting last farewell:——
Tis kind, I thank you——Weep not, worthy fir,
Lend me your hand——Commend me to my love,
And tell her for your sake, I charge she live,
And tell her too, while here her life remains,

I'll

I'll ever be her guide, her guardian angel,
Wait, till she's summon'd to yon blest abodes;
Least envious of my prize, some heir of heav'n,
Should snatch her from my arms. [Dis.]

HERBIS.

There fled his noble soul,——
O much wrong'd youth, for thee I'll daily mourn,
Ev'n mourn thee as a son.——

Enter RICHELIEU and DORIEL.

RICHELIEU.

Still with unweary'd care——
Leave not a place unsearch'd to find her out.
But who is this?

HERBIS.

A poor old man, of every joy bereft,
Nay, ev'n of hope itself.

RICHELIEU.

That beauteous form
Should surely be MARIA.

HERBIS.

Too true it is,
And I her wretched parent.

RICHELIEU.

See! she revives!

HERBIS.

Yes! life returns at last, but much I fear,
Returns to greater woe.

MARIA.

Where! where's my love?

Ha! art thou dead? no! no! it cannot be!
You mock me sure!

HERBIS.

I fear her brain is turn'd.

MARIA.

Ha! my father! yes! you are my father!
I know you by those tears.——Oblige me then,
Nay but this once, I'll never ask again:—

See you my dearest love!—Oh! raise him up,
 And make him stand erect!—Ah! will you not?
 'Tis cruel and unkind:—Nay, nay, I'll weep,
 My tears will wash him clean, and bathe his wounds;
 Ah! happy! happy!—Hark! the trumpets sound,
 Will you not rise, but slumber out the day?
 Awake! awake! thy dear MARIA calls,
 My Father will consent, I know he will,
 And we shall still be blest!—How sound he sleeps!
 He hears, he hears me not!—I'll lay me down
 On this soft bed, and gently lull his dreams.
 Ha! my dear father! oh! I go, I go!
 See yonder! there he stands!

RICHELIEU.

Unhappy maid, thy sorrows pierce my soul,
 Nay, I must mourn thy too relentless fate.
 For thee, thou poor old man,
 Who'rt justly punish'd for thy love of gold;
 Say, can it now redeem thy heavy loss,
 Or heal this stroke of fate?
 Nay term it not insult: I know in part
 The cause of all these woes, nay pity thee.

HERBIS.

Too late I stand convine'd, too late I own
 My fatal error:—O pow'r of curst gold,
 For thee behold the guiltless lover bleed,
 And on my head unnumbered woes succeed.
 Learn hence ye great, nor aim e'er to controul,
 The secret springs and passions of the soul;
 Too vainly wise, you plunge yourselves in care,
 Relinquish the homefelt joys of bliss sincere,
 For endless grief, remorse and black despair.

4. AP 54

[Exeunt omnes]

F I N I S.

